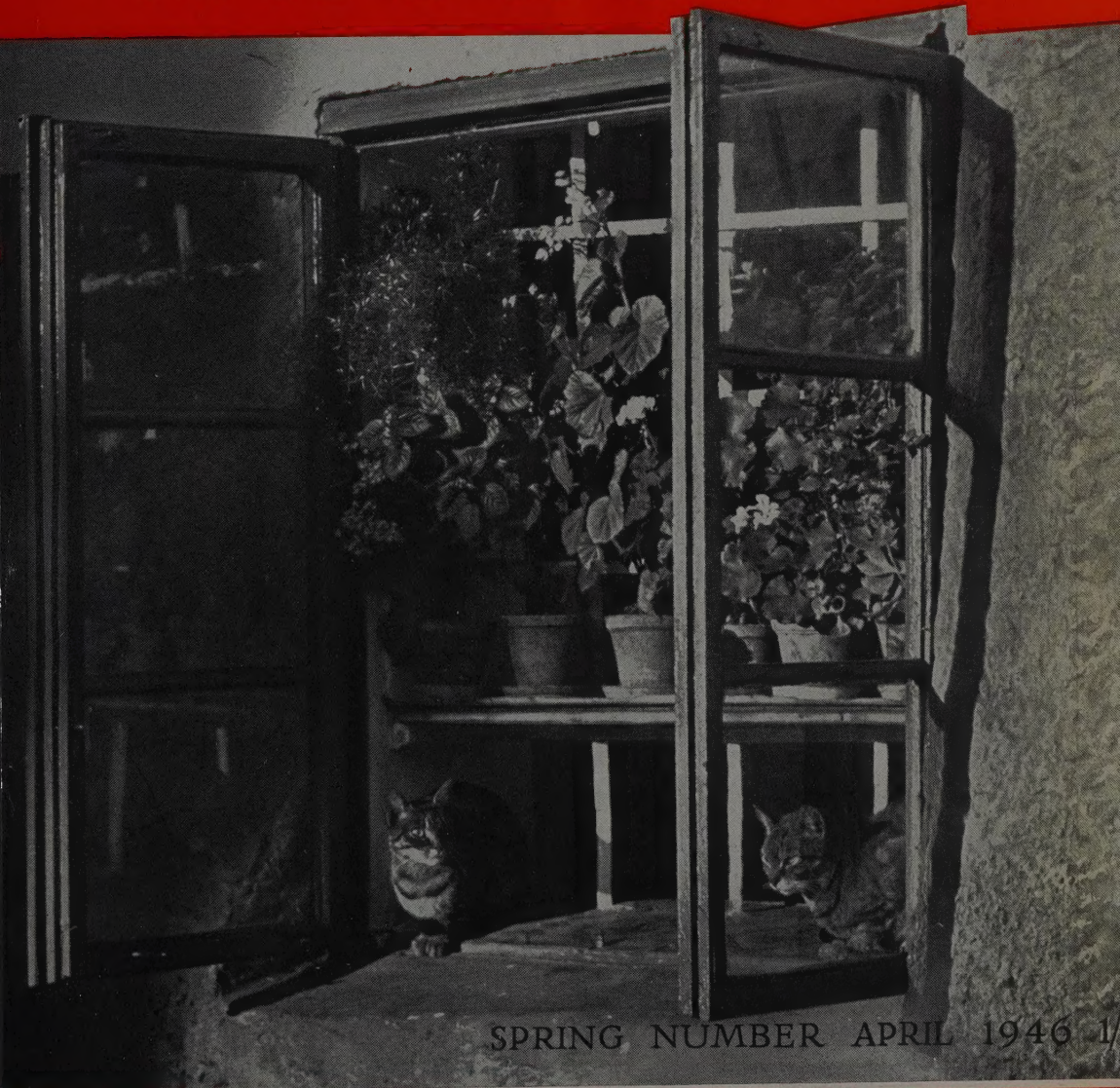


# THE GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE



SPRING NUMBER APRIL 1946 1/

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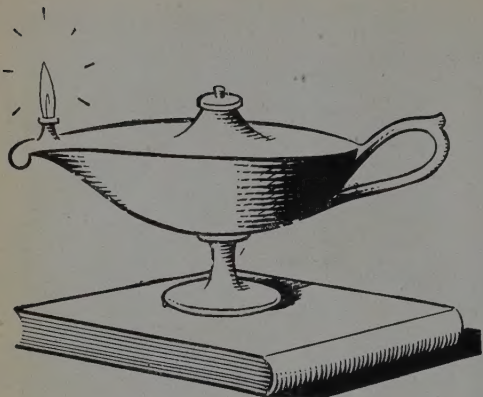
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*Cardinal*

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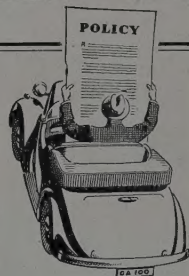
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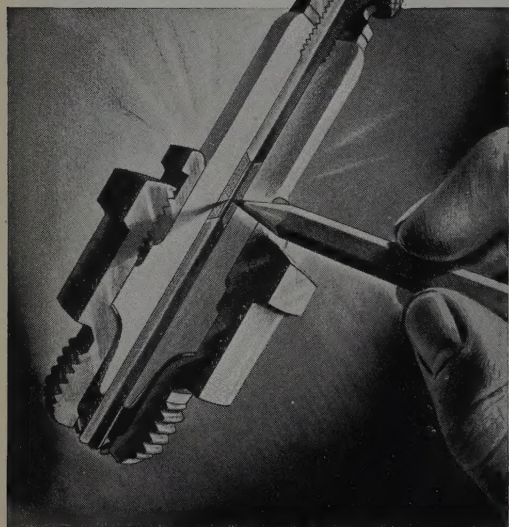
A privilege of the Royal Navy is to remain seated when drinking the Royal Toast. So far from implying any disrespect, this privilege is a reminder of the days of the old wooden walls where quarters were frequently so cramped that officers and men could not stand up without bumping their heads ! The quarters are vastly improved today but the jealously guarded privilege remains.

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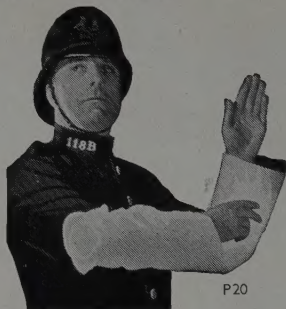
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P20

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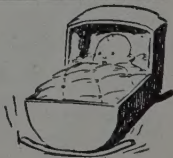
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*a cradle can*

**ROCK**

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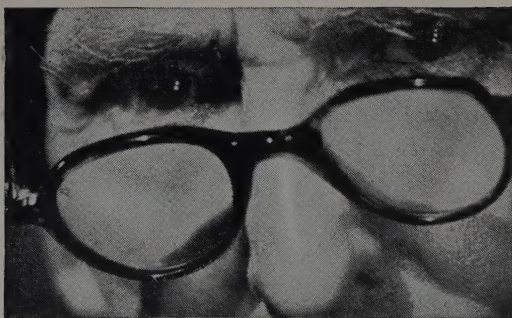
Social security is a matter of politics and legislation, but *denture security* is often merely a matter of sprinkling Kolynos Denture Fixative on your dental plate. A denture which through gum-shrinkage has lost its original suction grip causes unnecessary pain and embarrassment. Restore comfort and confidence by using this tasteless, odourless powder. Recommended by dentists and sold by chemists—1/3d. and 3/3d. per tin.

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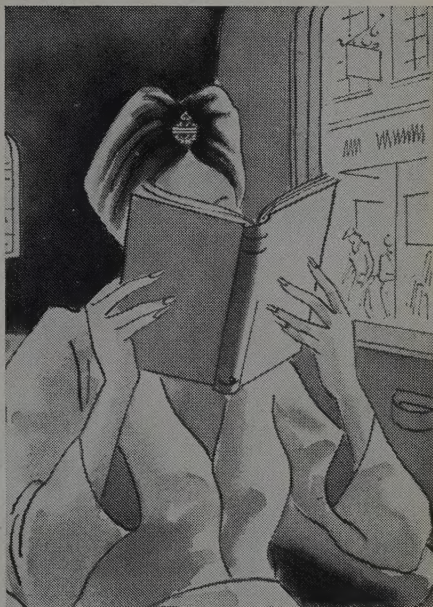


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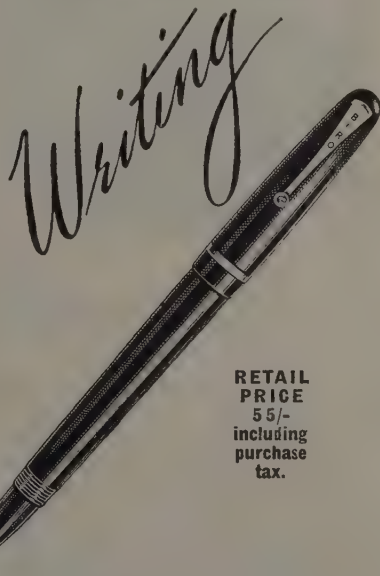
for the prevention and treatment  
of the common cold

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IN THE HISTORY OF



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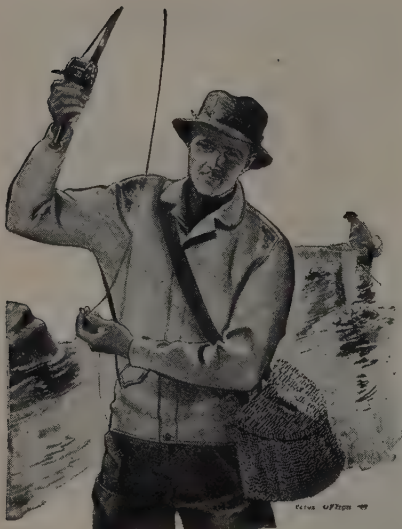
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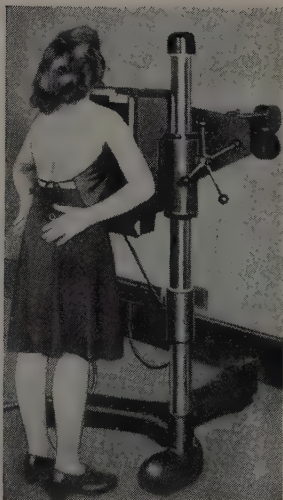
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38/147

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*Editor Michael Huxley      Executive Editor Katherine Griffiths      Art Editor Audrey Elvin*

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XV




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# The Japanese Character

by GERALD SAMSON

*State Shinto and the twin dogma of the Emperor's divinity have been powerful influences on the Japanese character. Now they have both in theory been abolished; the former by General MacArthur and the latter by the Emperor himself. In estimating their effect upon the past and future of Japan, Mr Samson draws on experience extending over some eight years, both before and during the war*

THE problem of Japan in defeat, although we hear little about it, is the most complex with which the Allies have to deal. The reason is largely because of the strange paradoxes in the Japanese character and the split national personality, which is partly and fundamentally feudal and partly 'enlightened' as a direct result of the strong influences of occidentalism. This spiritual and physical tug-of-war between illusionment and realism has been sharply accentuated by the collapse of the very foundations upon which the national structure has been built, and a series of unprecedented domestic crises would appear inevitable.

It is necessary to recognize that the Japanese are not only racially different from ourselves, but that they think, act, react and evaluate life differently from us. So that any attempt to interpret them in terms of our own characteristics can only lead to tragic mistakes as has been the case in the past.

The Japanese are of mixed racial origin. The earliest recorded inhabitants were the Ainu, an ancient primitive people with certain physical attributes of the Caucasian proto-Aryan type presumed to have migrated from Siberia. Successive invaders from the Asiatic continent and the islands of the South Seas (Mongols and Malayo-Polynesians)

drove them further and further back to the north, and the aborigines, as they are now usually called, left the country behind them strewn with place-names in the Ainu tongue. A mingling of these conquering races and the vanquished Ainu produced the present Japanese among whom distinct physical types may be observed, a proof of their hybrid ancestry. Most representative are the Malayan and Mongolian types: the former refined and aristocratic-looking with long thin face and slightly aquiline nose; the latter, the popularly cartooned flat-faced peasant with high cheek-bones, sunken nose and protruding teeth. But whatever may be their ancestry or social station, all Japanese are moulded by the same traditional religious beliefs and the ultra-nationalistic connotation that has been given to them since the Restoration (of the Emperor's prerogatives) in 1868.

The ancient native religion was Shinto, the Way of the Gods, a combination of nature and ancestor worship. Shinto had no moral codes, sacred books or system of philosophy. It consisted merely of purification ceremonies, homage, offerings and prayers to innumerable gods of nature and dead relatives. The later conception of loyalty and filial piety were implanted by the teachings of Confucianism and to a larger extent by Buddhism,

both entering Japan by way of North China and Korea in the middle of the 6th century. This combination greatly strengthened the indigenous belief of ancestor worship which still exerts an overriding influence on Japanese life and psychology.

Many advanced races have, at one period or another, passed through a stage of ancestor worship and, in the course of their evolution, passed on to higher ethical standards. But in Japan the ancient belief persists that the dead remain in this world and that all human actions are controlled by them. When a Japanese dies he becomes a *kami* or superior being, whose qualities, good or bad, are considerably enhanced. *Kami* haunt their former homes and share in the life of their descendants. They observe and hear all that goes on. They can also read thoughts. They represent the ever-present, all-seeing eye that keeps constant guard over the inviolable traditions of the past. To annoy the *kami* is to endanger the welfare of the family, so that every effort is made to keep the *kami* contented.

Upon these basic superstitions has been imposed an elaborate Confucianist-Buddhist code of filial piety embracing almost every conceivable human activity. It prescribes the conduct of children to parents, of parents to children, as well as the behaviour of the individual to the whole family group, which includes adopted members and concubines. Younger sons should obey older sons, sons should obey fathers, and fathers their fathers. In exactly the same way should all men unquestionably obey those above them. Authority in the family passes from father to eldest son. The head of the family has obligations as well as powers. He is morally bound to help his poorer relatives, and to regard his property as a trust for the whole clan.

Another interesting example of filial piety is marriage. In Japan, marriage is a union between families rather than between individuals, and matches are still arranged (with few exceptions) in the traditional manner ordained centuries ago.

When a boy or girl reaches marriageable age, the parents look around for a suitable consort. Custom decrees that the affair must be negotiated by a 'go-between' who later becomes a sort of godfather to the young couple. 'Face' in Japan, as in all Eastern countries, is a most important consideration. This is why a diplomatic intermediary is selected to steer the pre-marital conversations between the parents of the prospective bride and groom along smooth channels.

When an eligible partner has been found

and the parents on both sides have agreed on the desirability of the match, the 'go-between' arranges for the *mi-ai* or formal 'mutual-seeing' meeting. This may take place at a theatre or a picnic or perhaps during a temple visit. Although the couple may have been given no opportunity to converse, in theory the meeting enables them to size one another up, and if they should object to the marriage, the matter is at an end. In practice, however, the young people are dominated by their parents and do their bidding. The girl, in particular, has no choice since women in Japan are nobodies. A woman's entire life is governed by 'three obediences'—obedience to her father until marriage, obedience after marriage to her husband and his parents, and obedience in widowhood to her eldest son. General MacArthur has ordered the emancipation of Japanese women, but their traditional inequality is so ingrained in the national character that it will be a lengthy process.

If the 'mutual-seeing' meeting has satisfied both parents, it is followed up by an exchange of presents. This is the betrothal and is binding by custom if not by law. A lucky day is chosen for the wedding and the bride, who should strictly be dressed all in white—the colour of mourning to signify she is dead to her own family and that she will never leave her husband's house except as a corpse—is taken to her new home (usually that of her prospective parents-in-law) by the 'go-between'. The wedding is symbolized during a dinner-party at which bride and groom drink three times out of three wine-cups of different sizes. (Actually they merely lift the cups to their lips.) Then they retire and change their garments, the bride returning dressed in a coloured kimono. When the guests have departed the couple are led into the bridal chamber by the 'go-between' and here pledge one another's health in nine more cups of rice wine. At the dinner it is the bride who drinks first since she is a guest, but on this occasion the groom drinks first, signifying that he has become her lord and master.

Filial piety does not extend beyond the family circle, the average Japanese showing a surprising disregard for the interests of those outside it. But it is at this point that the domestic cult is reinforced by the communal cult. Every city district, town or village has its communal shrine dedicated to its founder ancestor or *Ujigami*, a custom dating back to the time when society was organized on a clan basis. The shrine is the centre of the community's life. New-born babes are cere-





*All photographs from Margot Lubinski*

*The symbol of Shinto: a huge torii rising from the sea off Miyajima, the "Shrine Island"*



From a painting by Kuniyoshi (1797-1861)

Even in defeat, Japan admires the heroes of her classic Kabuki melodrama; feudal warriors whose bombastic speech and frenzied action compensate for the emotional repression besetting the Japanese



moniously presented to the local 'god' and the shrine gardens become the children's playground. One of the first acts of the newly-wedded husband is to bring his young bride to the shrine and introduce her. The last act of a conscript before joining his regiment is to bow before his Ujigami and seek his protection, and on his return he pays another visit to express his thankfulness that he is still alive.

Born into this atmosphere of emotional and physical repression, a child soon learns that his activities are strictly regulated and circumscribed, throughout life as an individual he has no rights, and that he is of value only as an obedient unit of a group to which he is always subordinate. And since this obedience is nothing more than a slavish unreasoning acceptance of authority, he grows up minus initiative and personality. He is likewise so bound by convention that he is embarrassed and confused on finding himself alone or in strange surroundings.

Emotional repression has been cultivated to a degree that is baffling to foreigners. It enables a Japanese to exhibit an apparent indifference to prolonged hardship and acute bodily pain. Natural calamities such as earthquakes, disastrous floods and typhoons are met in a spirit of fatalistic graceful resignation. Instead of indulging in lamentations a Japanese will set about courageously rebuilding his home and cleaning and draining his little plot of land, that is if he lives in the country.

He will even smile when informing his best friend that his father has just died, for according to the strict code of behaviour he must adopt an air of cheerfulness in everyday life. When expression fades from his face, it denotes he is under great mental stress and is controlling himself out of politeness and possibly prudence combined. Nevertheless, sustained emotional strain is liable suddenly to be transformed into a state of frenzy. It often leads to individual and collective excesses and acts of violence, and during the Pacific war, as we have seen, to deeds of calculated savagery and brutality that have shocked the world.

Yet the religion of loyalty right up to 1868 was inevitably limited by the feudal constitution of society. A retainer was always ready to die for his clan lord, the *Daimyo*, though not for the *Shogun*, the military governor of the land. The higher loyalty of patriotism—the love of king and country—only emerged after the expedition led by America's Commodore Perry finally forced Japan to open her ports to foreign trade after two hundred years of rigid seclusion. At this point the ruling class quickly realized there was no turning back

from the impact with the modern world and the feudal duty of loyalty and obedience was speedily merged into a national loyalty of unquestioning obedience to the divine Emperor.

Shinto was now given its supreme interpretation. It became the State religion of Emperor Worship to which every Japanese had to subscribe or else be imprisoned for harbouring 'dangerous thoughts'. While the attention of the West was directed to the façade of a parliamentary government and other institutions dressed up in democratic dress, the machinery of State worked overtime instilling methodically into every child the superior qualities of the Japanese race, its peerless civilization and its world mission.

The symbol of this super-State was the divinely descended Emperor whose sacred character was impressed upon his subjects in a number of ways until the close of 1945 when, in a momentous New Year Rescript to the nation, the Emperor himself declared that the belief in his divinity was "a false conception". Every boy and girl up to this time was taught at an early age in classes on 'national ethics' that the Japanese Empire was founded in 660 B.C. by a direct ancestor of the Sun Goddess, and to bring our story up to date, that the present Emperor Hirohito was his 124th direct descendant. (Both these claims are fraudulent. There are no verifiable records of Japanese history before the 5th century A.D., and whenever there was no direct male offspring in the Royal line, an heir was adopted, sometimes the son of a concubine, as is the custom throughout Japan.)

They were also taught that whereas at occidental coronation ceremonies the king receives his crown from a priest who is the representative of God, the Emperor of Japan is his own representative and announces his own succession directly to the spirits of his Imperial ancestors. To refer to His Majesty by name was a penal offence; he might be spoken of only as *Tenno*, Son of Heaven. To look down upon him from an elevated position, such as a balcony or upper window, was also a crime. When the Imperial car went by all blinds had to be drawn, workers on steel structures had to scurry to the ground and no person could stand even on an eight-inch doorstep.

The ruler of all other nations salutes the national flag, but in Japan the flag is made to salute the Emperor. The portraits of the Emperor and Empress, which have been presented to the large public schools and many of the smaller ones, were accorded the same reverence as the symbols on a church altar. The holy images were kept in fire-



2

## SHINTO REGULATES FAMILY LIFE

1. One of the first acts of the newly-wedded husband is to bring his young bride to the local shrine and introduce her. In the fashionable ceremony here shown, bride and bridegroom sit apart until they have sipped the sacred saké (rice wine) which is being prepared by the priest.
2. The bride in her wedding kimono, which should strictly be all white. The traditional strip of white gauze placed round her head was once thought to conceal the devil's horns.
3. The main hall of the noted Itsukushima Shrine at Miyajima, which is built on supports running into the sea.
4. New-born babes are brought to the local shrine where the priest performs an act of exorcism by waving a bunch of white streamers over them. Baby here is in the arms of grandmother; mother kneels beside her





3

4





*Gazing at peerless Fuji-san, Japan's venerated mountain, which for centuries has been synonymous with all that is noble and beautiful. An extinct volcano, it owes its name to the Ainu 'Goddess of Fire'*

proof cases. Students when passing had to stop and bow low and on ceremonial occasions the images occupied the most conspicuous position in the room. In democratic countries the Government is responsible to Parliament; in Japan the Government is still responsible to the Emperor. In Britain the state is the servant of the people, but in Japan the people know only that it is their duty to pay strict obedience to the edicts of the Emperor, and the family system of filial piety has greatly strengthened this belief. (A record of each family is kept by the Government and every home has its special alcove containing a miniature Shinto shrine sacred to the invisible presence of the Emperor, to whom the head of the family is responsible.)

Furthermore every young man knew long before he donned the uniform of the Army or Navy that death for the *Tenno* was the express route to heaven. Faced with the choice of surrender or death, soldier or sailor in almost

every case chose the latter. His upbringing told him that as a prisoner he would be of no further use to the group and its cause, but as a kami, and if he died with the words "*Tenno Heika banzai*" (Long live the Emperor) on his lips he became a super-kami or god, not only could he continue to assist the cause, but to assist it more effectually. Such a selfless attitude would be beyond praise were it not a purely mechanical act forced upon him by the additional knowledge that failure to choose death would make him an outcast for life and bring shame and dishonour on his family. The Yasakuni Shrine in the centre of Tokyo, where the spirits of the war dead are enshrined, is one of the most visited and hallowed in the country.

The death knell of State Shinto has been sounded by General MacArthur who has decreed that Shinto may no longer be subsidized by the State. No longer is it a compulsory civic duty to bow before the Shinto





*Priest-musicians playing for the ancient Kagura sacred dance performed by maidens at the Kasuga Shrine, Nara. The orchestra consists of a drum, a flute, a wooden clapper, a harp and a flageolet*

shrines. The ancient Shinto cult, however (there are several sects), may still be privately practised and remains on the same footing as other religious bodies. Confucianism, Buddhism and Christianity (since 1873) could in any case be embraced as secondary religions providing priests and parishioners never forgot for a moment that no form of private worship may infringe on the State cult (now banned). There was, therefore, nothing incongruous in the fact that all Japanese were State Shintoists and the majority Buddhists as well, while some 300,000 were professed Christians. Quite a few Japanese I know saw nothing inconsistent in practising Shintoism, Buddhism and Christianity together, although by what method of theological reasoning this was accomplished only one Japanese could explain to another Japanese.

A further important aspect bearing on the Japanese character is that from the earliest period of civilization Japan has been a whole-

sale importer of foreign ideas and methods. Beginning with writing itself, which employed the Chinese ideographs, Japan built up her literature and art on foreign models. Her philosophy, religion, laws, ethics, science, medicine and even the kimono she owed entirely to the Chinese mainland. Occidental influences came late—not until the 19th century—yet when they did arrive their effect was overwhelming. They not only gave a new direction to every phase of Japanese life and thought, but modified the traditional outlook which by this time was well established. This does not mean that the Japanese at any time throughout the centuries have changed their fundamental characteristics. They imitated, absorbed and adapted what they needed from abroad both culturally and industrially; yet Japanese civilization remained Japanese and not Chinese or Western. But it does account for the marked dual personality of the Japanese. (Nowhere in the



*Worshippers at the Yasaka shrine in Kyoto. Purity and purification are the underlying principles of Shinto services, and it is the custom to wash mouth and hands before standing in front of the main shrine entrance, pulling the bell rope and clapping the hands three times to attract the attention of the enshrined deity. A coin is tossed into the offertory-box and, with bowed head, a brief prayer is said*

reminiscent of similar structures in any modern Western city. Inside these imposing blocks (mostly rubble now) were automatic lifts and suites of rooms furnished with desks and swivel chairs, typewriters, telephones and dictaphones. To go from this part of the capital with its hotels, foreign-style restaurants and cafés, and large modern department stores, into one of the residential districts with their fragile-looking little houses built of wood and bamboo, sliding paper doors and windows, was to travel between continents and span a time-period of centuries.

"This dual life," confided some of my Japanese friends, "is a strain on us, both spiritually and financially." In the streets,

in buses, tubes, trams and parks I soon got used to seeing young men in ill-fitting lounge suits and Western shoes escorting girls in kimono and *geta* (clogs). Restaurants provided a choice of native and imported dishes; and theatres, cinemas and dance-hall orchestras drew their inspirations from the world's music and entertainment. But as Zero Hour drew nearer for Japan, Western influences were officially halted and there began a thorough re-examination of the occident in the light of the ideals and aspirations of *Dai Nippon* (Great Japan).

There is likewise a world of difference between us in a number of everyday affairs. In Japan keys must be turned, to open and close a lock, in what we are accustomed to think is the wrong direction. Books begin at the back, or what we call the end; the type being usually set in vertical columns and read from right to left. In addressing an envelope the name of the town comes first and that of the addressee last. The Japanese say "east-north" instead of "north-east", "there and

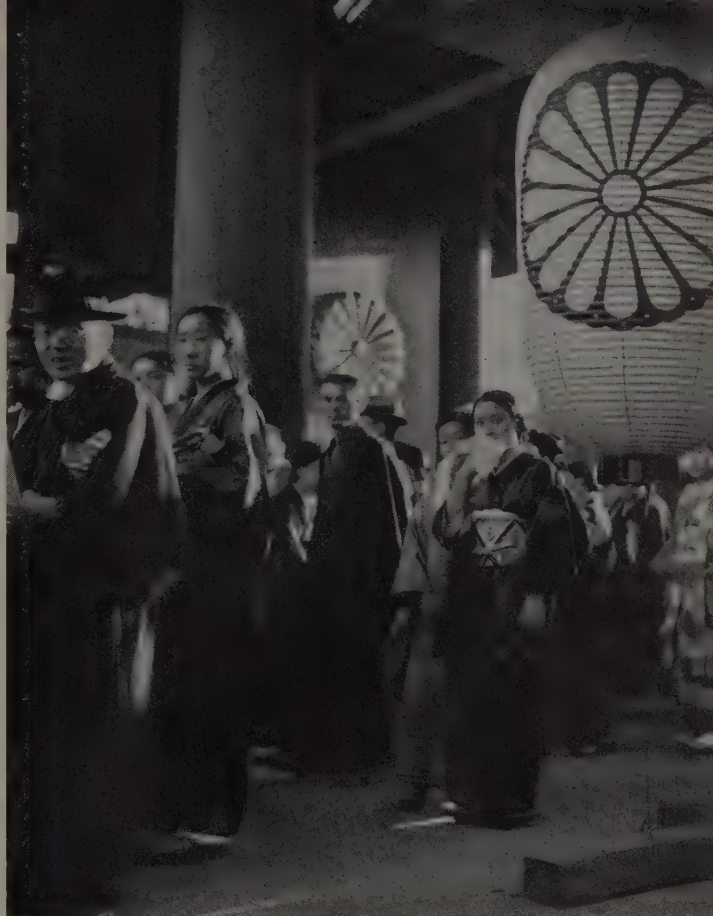
world can one find so many instances of the very old and the very new jostling each other in such close proximity.) These outward manifestations and the internal conflict to which they gave rise were naturally more pronounced in towns and cities, the peasantry having been the least influenced by occidentalism. The centre of Tokyo afforded (before the American air bombardments) a vivid object-lesson in the bizarre contrast between the Old and New Japan. Here one saw one of the most fascinating scenes in the country—the mediaeval frowning grey walls surrounding the Imperial Palace, the military stronghold from which for so long the *Shogun* had dominated the clan lords; the feudal atmosphere being enhanced by the surrounding moat in which were reflected the curious outlines of the stunted gnarled pine trees appearing over the top of the ancient walls. Yet directly opposite, on one side of the Palace, lay the fine steel and concrete seven- and eight-story offices of the Marunouchi, Tokyo's main business and financial district,



*Every day of the year thousands of people pass through the main portal of the Yasakuni Shrine—the Valhalla of Japan. Here in the centre of Tokyo are enshrined the spirits of soldiers and sailors and, by special dispensation, the spirits of others who have given their lives for their country. The nation reveres them and on special occasions the Emperor comes to pay respect to their memory*

here” for “here and there”. In building a house, the roof is constructed, the parts numbered, separated and stored away, before the superstructure is begun. There are no flowers in a landscape garden. Carpenters plane towards the body. A match is struck away from one. When people count on their fingers they begin with the thumb until all the fingers are down at five, and then turn up the little finger for six and so on. European clothing is either buttoned, hooked or ‘zipped’; the kimono is held together by an *obi* or sash. When acquaintances meet they bow their heads in salutation instead of shaking hands. The occidental wave of “good-bye” in Japan signifies “come here”. Men take first place in everything. They precede women entering or leaving a room and also in the street. The man is served first at meals and it is the woman who pays the bills in restaurants and shops and holds the purse-strings at home; she is also the one to carry the parcels. Comparatively few embroiderers are women, most of the finest work being executed by men and boys. As a last example, watch a Japanese maiden thread her needle. She is slipping the eye of the needle over the point of the thread.

In summing up we find that many of these characteristics, particularly Emperor Worship, which inspired faith in the future, perseverance and pride in one’s work, the family system, and the inscrutability and toughness of the individual, are first-class assets in transforming a feudal State into a modern Empire pulsating with imperialism. They are equally valuable assets in wars of aggression. Like sheep the Japanese soldier and sailor accepted the fable told them in the name of the Emperor that Japan was surrounded by enemies who sought to stifle her very existence.



These men were sure of their cause and with an obsessive, fierce and burning fanaticism, prepared to die for it. But the Japanese set-up possessed one fatal flaw: it made no allowance for things going wrong. National pride presumably prevented such precautions being taken.

So long as Allied operations in the Pacific war were confined to areas remote from Japan itself, the tribal myths, which include the invincibility of Japanese arms and the divine protection extended to the soil of Japan, were relatively easy to maintain. Heavy bombardments of the Japanese mainland, however, by heavy bombers and naval guns, culminating in the dropping of two atomic bombs (whose devastating powers of destruction must have been interpreted by the people at large as the work of angry Gods and kami) finally proved unanswerable challenges to these basic tenets of faith.

Now with a defeated Japan on our hands our hardest task is going to be to get the Japanese to think and act for themselves; to become, in fact, individually responsible citizens.



# GRANTCHESTER

JUST now the lilac is in bloom,  
 All before my little room;  
 And in my flower-beds, I think,  
 Smile the carnation and the pink;  
 And down the borders, well I know,  
 The poppy and the pansy blow . . .  
 Oh! there the chestnuts, summer through,  
 Beside the river make for you  
 A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep  
 Deeply above; and green and deep  
 The stream mysterious glides beneath,  
 Green as a dream and deep as death.—

\* \* \*

εἶθε γένοιμην . . . would I were  
 In Grantchester, in Grantchester!—  
 Some, it may be, can get in touch  
 With Nature there, or Earth, or such.



Photographs by A. A. MACGREGOR



# IN SPRING

And clever modern men have seen  
A Faun a-peeping through the green,  
And felt the Classics were not dead,  
To glimpse a Naiad's reedy head,  
Or hear the Goat-foot piping low: . . .  
But these are things I do not know.  
I only know that you may lie  
Day-long and watch the Cambridge sky,  
And, flower-lulled in sleepy grass,  
Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,  
Until the centuries blend and blur  
In Grantchester, in Grantchester. . . .  
Still in the dawnlit waters cool  
His ghostly Lordship swims his pool,  
And tries the strokes, essays the tricks,  
Long learnt on Hellespont, or Styx.  
Dan Chaucer hears his river still  
Chatter beneath a phantom mill.  
Tennyson notes, with studious eye,  
How Cambridge waters hurry by . . .  
And in that garden, black and white,  
Creep whispers through the grass all night;  
And spectral dance, before the dawn,  
A hundred Vicars down the lawn;  
Curates, long dust, will come and go  
On lissom, clerical, printless toe;  
And oft between the boughs is seen  
The sly shade of a Rural Dean . . .





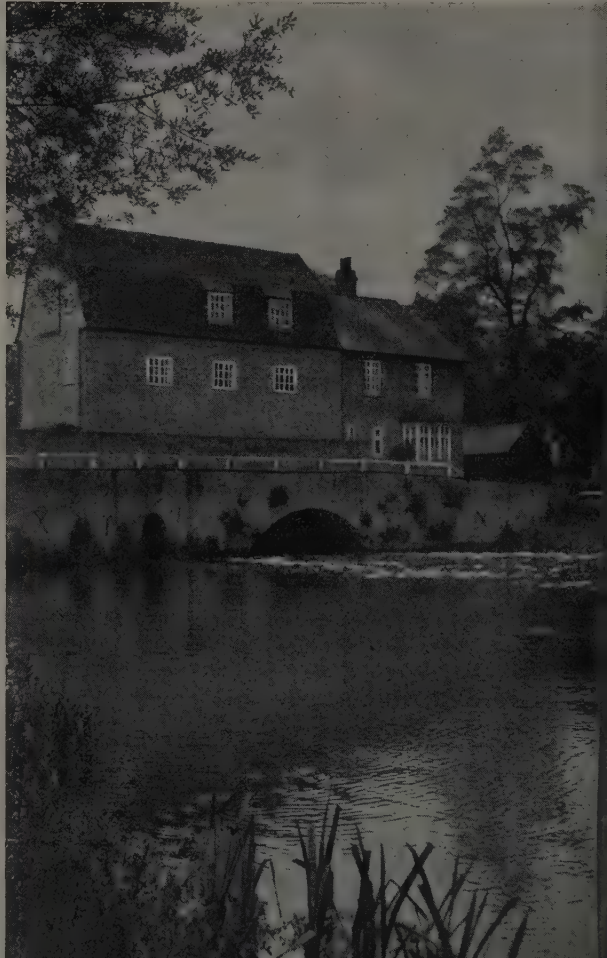
Is dawn a secret shy and cold  
 Anadyomene, silver-gold?  
 And sunset still a golden sea  
 From Haslingfield to Madingley?  
 And after, ere the night is born,  
 Do hares come out about the corn?  
 Oh, is the water sweet and cool,  
 Gentle and brown, above the pool?  
 And laughs the immortal river still  
 Under the mill, under the mill?  
 Say, is there Beauty yet to find?  
 And Certainty? and Quiet kind?  
 Deep-meadows yet, for to forget  
 The lies, and truths, and pain? . . . Oh! yet  
 Stands the Church clock at ten to three?  
 And is there honey still for tea?

*Reprinted from "The Old Vicarage, Grantchester", in The  
 Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke, by permission of the author's  
 representatives and of the publishers, Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.*

Till, at a shiver in the skies,  
 Vanishing with Satanic cries,  
 The prim ecclesiastic rout  
 Leaves but a startled sleeper-out,  
 Grey heavens, the first bird's drowsy calls,  
 The falling house that never falls.

\* \* \*

Ah God! to see the branches stir  
 Across the moon at Grantchester!  
 To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten  
 Unforgettable, unforgotten  
 River-smell, and hear the breeze  
 Sobbing in the little trees.  
 Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand  
 Still guardians of that holy land?  
 The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream,  
 The yet unacademic stream?







# The Diffusion of Greek Culture

## III. Greece in Rome

by DR C. H. V. SUTHERLAND

*As described by Dr Tarn in our February number, Alexander and his successors carried the seeds of Greek culture 3000 miles to the east. Dr Sutherland, author of The Romans in Spain and other classical studies, shows how they were first carried westwards. Further articles in the series will trace the ramification of Greek influence through less well-known channels, after the fall of Rome*

GREECE and Rome were offshoots of a common Indo-European culture. This culture, deeply embedded below the superficial structure of their individual civilizations, gave to both certain similarities, certain parallelisms, which inevitably exerted a positive influence. The fundamental relationship is best seen in the languages which the Greeks and Romans spoke. Sprung from the same Indo-European root, of which Sanskrit is an honoured survivor, the Greek and Latin tongues were so close to each other in the finer points of grammar, mood and syntax that they may be called true cousins. But

language is also the vehicle of thought; and a basic similarity of speech therefore argues a basic similarity of thought-processes. Thus, at the very outset of a sketch of the transmission of Greek influences in and through the civilization of Rome, a fundamental intellectual relationship must be recognized. Geographical factors tended to make it more absolute. The peninsulas of Hellas and of Italy lie side by side, divided by the narrow Adriatic Sea. Each is mainly mountainous; each is insulated from the continent by lofty and forbidding ranges, which compelled their ancient inhabitants to look south to the waters



Stanford, London



of the Mediterranean as their chief international highway; and their similar climates produce a similar range of fauna and flora, to which both cultures alike were keenly sensitive. Thus, when the directly exerted influence of Greece impinged in due course upon a neighbour culture to which she was by nature so closely akin, that influence (however complex its transmission, however tenuous its texture) was assured of a fertile ground for a fresh term of life and vigour.

The casual student of classical antiquity may possibly need to re-adjust certain of his ideas, for the language of the handbook too often urges a swift and easy acceptance of the conspicuous differences between Greece and Rome. A contrast is commonly pointed between the lively versatility of the Greeks (by which is generally meant the Athenians—and yet not all Greeks were versatile) and the self-disciplined *gravitas* of the Romans (for many of whom, in fact, this was a virtue more often to be sought than exercised). A brilliant succession of swiftly flowering Greek cultures, sprung from the seeds of inherent inter-state disunity, is compared with the solidly founded political system which Rome cautiously and patiently extended over the whole civilized world. We remember too easily the common Roman contempt for the 'hungry Greekling' who played the toady around the magnates of the imperial capital (and even stole commercial opportunity by the keenness of their wits), and forget that, in the later Republic and during the whole Empire, to speak 'both tongues'—that is, Greek as well as Latin—was no more than the normal fruit of liberal education. The contrasts are indeed obvious enough, but to state the 'simple' view is to overlook the many fine threads which bound the two cultures into an indivisible unity. It is quite immaterial if, when the Greek genius was at its peak, the infant and even squalid Rome had only just made her first step forward by the expulsion of her Tarquin Kings. The fact that the finest impulses of Greece were long enough dead to form standard schoolroom history for the Romans who cast the net of power round the Mediterranean is one of merely academic interest, and far less



*Dedicated by the Senate about 9 B.C. to celebrate the establishment of Roman peace throughout the world, the Ara Pacis Augustae displays in the Terra Mater a basically Greek idiom (note drapery) lusciously overlaid with Roman symbols of fertility (babies, flowers, cattle)*

important than the realization that a vast bloc of Rome's eastern provinces in the Balkans, Asia Minor and the Levant were Greek-speaking and Greek-thinking, and that Rome herself, like many another city of her empire, harboured a mass of Greeks. The Graeco-Roman civilization was, in truth, a solid unity, of an influence and a greatness with which only the comprehensive cultures of Minoan Crete and of modern Europe can, in our own continent, be compared.

Not that important differences were lacking. Religion—which, with language, is one of the most spontaneous manifestations of so many cultures—is a case in point. To the Greeks religion was (apart from the ubiquitous fertility-goddess who underlay much religious feeling) a Miltonic affair of great anthropomorphic deities cast in the shining mould of kings and heroes. For the Roman

of the Republican period, before the influence of Greek religion had carved the Capitoline Triad of Jupiter, Juno and Minerva into a state-cult, as empty as it was imposing, a Wordsworthian pantheism had generally prevailed, with all that it implied of rustic deities dwelling in tree, rock and stream. So strong was this instinct of universally distributed godhead that even the fashionable Ovid, writing at a time when Rome was eddying with currents of every religion (Greek, Jewish, Egyptian and Asiatic) known to the civilized world, could compose didactic verses expounding the old creed. Indeed, the Romans never did wholly take over the religious conceptions of Greece, for the latter were inevitably affected and weakened (notably in the direction of monotheism) by the teachings of the Greek philosophers, above all by Plato and Aristotle. Cicero, a religious man in the best and most general sense, and steeped in Greek thought and culture more deeply than most of his contemporaries, showed a religious belief that was basically Roman, with all its accompaniment of 'powers' and 'spirits' dwelling innate in both animate and inanimate objects.

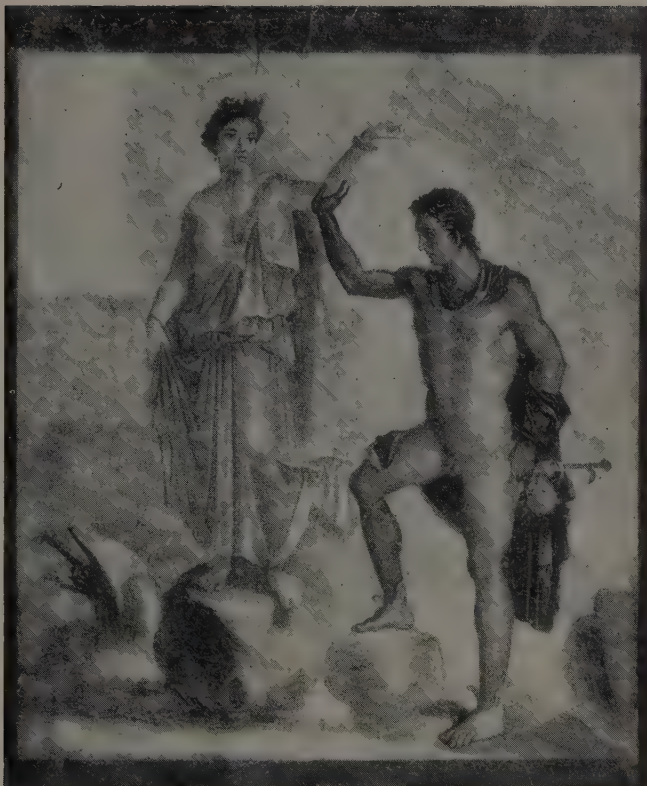


Some divergence is also to be seen in the field of philosophy itself. Greek philosophy had begun, in Ionia, with speculations in natural science; and even in its highest and most developed form it was never to lose its essentially scientific foundation. Investigation into the theory of knowledge, analysis of the functions of will and desire, and examination of the proper scope of virtue, as undertaken by the Socratic school, were (as Aristophanes was quick to parody in the *Clouds*) processes derived from the study of natural science; and the school of Aristotle, with its steady emphasis on classification (seen most clearly in the field of biology), was but a logical continuation. Rationalism was hard at work, and admitted no obstacle in an age of freedom and independence. Only with the decline of freedom and initiative, caused by the absorption of many city-states into the kingdom of a Philip or an Alexander, did Greece ultimately produce a philosophy likely to fortify the individual, as an individual, against the shafts of misfortune manifested in misgovernment. Stoics and Epicureans alike sought to insulate the Greeks against harm by a rational and deliberately cultivated rejection of action and emotion likely to upset his intellectual equipoise: Epicurus, in particular, set out to free men from all religious fears and from the dogma of superstition. To the Romans, whose interest in natural science was perfunctory and whose religious instinct was highly sensitive ('scruple', 'religion' and 'conscience' all derive from their tongue), Stoicism and Epicureanism were thus doubly welcome; and the latter creed influenced Lucretius, in the closing years of the Republic, to write his famous *De rerum natura*, containing a wholly materialist explanation of molecular growth, change and decay. The inevitable restrictions on personal liberties which Rome, in her turn, experienced under the Emperors turned these philosophies—and Stoicism in particular—to new account. Stoic opposition to the hereditary imperial succession became an acknowledged political factor, symbolizing moral disapproval and even political non-cooperation in a degree which was greatly to influence the historical outlook of Tacitus.

These differences, however, can easily be exaggerated. They arose from a difference of religious instinct, a different attitude towards the natural world of material creation, which the Greeks sought to analyse by intellect while the Roman was more often content to appreciate it by sensory perception. In many other ways Rome drank deeply from the springs of Greek philosophy. Long before the



"Rome was born to the connoisseurship of a developed art." Throughout the Western Empire, Greek artists were employed to decorate public buildings and the houses of wealthy Romans with paintings, mosaics and statues. For the paintings, Greek mythology, legend and literature commonly supplied the themes. (Right) Perseus and Andromeda, from a house at Pompeii. The statues were often copies of earlier originals, sculptured in Greece or in Asia Minor. (Opposite) A copy in marble, from Rome, of a bronze original attributed to Boëthus of Chalcædon, a city on the Bosphorus, early 2nd century B.C.



war with Macedon (forced upon her, like most of her major wars of conquest) delivered Greece into her hands—a weak and powerless captive—in the middle of the 2nd century B.C., Rome had enjoyed ample opportunity for studying the philosophical systems of Greece, and absorbing their salient principles, from the presence in South Italy of numerous Greek colonies, like Tarentum, Metapontum, Neapolis and Rhegium, with whom she very early entered into commercial or political relationship. If she did not naturally esteem the scientific approach to philosophy, the same cannot be said of its social implications; and the emphasis laid by Greece as a whole upon social justice as a primary requisite in the organized state, leading alike to the formulation of a comprehensive legal code and to the definition of fundamental rights for the individual, steadily leavened and transformed the exclusive oligarchy which had followed the expulsion of her Kings. Roman law, rooted in the Twelve Tables of 450 B.C., is frequently regarded as a peculiarly Roman achievement; and so, in its

mature form, it certainly was, especially in the later Empire, when the principle of codification was brilliantly displayed and the universality of law most strongly vindicated. But, equally certainly, the impetus towards law came from Greece, where Solon's publication of laws for 6th-century Athens had been a milestone in her democratic progress, and where Plato's *Laws* reflected no more than the universal desire and respect for a well-ordered legal system. The politico-legal rights of the individual followed as a corollary; and if we tend to attribute them more conspicuously to Roman than to Greek political philosophy, it is only because the difference between the Roman citizen and the unprivileged inhabitant of the Roman-controlled provinces seems superficially greater and more significant than that existing between the Greek citizen and the mere foreigner or 'barbarian' wholly outside Greek control. From the recognition of fundamental human rights in ordered society followed not only the definition of *humanitas* as the condition of an individual who symbol-



Dorion Leigh

*Roman adaptation of Greek art-forms was usually heavy-handed and utilitarian. Compare (left) the simplicity and grace, the rhythmic movement, of the horsemen on the Parthenon frieze with (opposite) the newsreel narrative form, packed with historical detail, of the relief recording the Dacian wars on Trajan's Column (early 2nd century A.D.)*

ized both the freedom and the obligations of the member of society—the condition of a *homo*, with all its potentiality for good—but also the conception of the ordered state itself, seen most clearly in Cicero's political philosophy, formed in a thoroughly eclectic spirit as a desperate attempt to remould the structure of the Roman state at a time when its final suicide and dissolution seemed imminent.

It was from Greece, again, that Rome drew the example of the city-state itself. This most signal contribution of classical antiquity to all subsequent political theory prescribed a purely urban setting for the high development of political consciousness, and for all political experiment and opportunity. In the Greece of independence and freedom such states abounded, large and small, each with its surrounding territory. Such was early Rome; and such she might have remained if she had not displayed a genius for the assimilation of her neighbouring allies and for the organization and peaceful security of the vast tracts which the chances of the great wars—Punic, Macedonian, Mithridatic, Gallic—placed unsought in her lap. Rome herself continued to act as the model of political structure, and citizenship of Rome was the first and vital crown of provincial ambition; but throughout the provinces were founded,

diffidently under the Republic, more deliberately under the Empire, smaller versions of that model, in the form either of colonies—formed from true Roman or Italian stock, such as Colchester or Merida or Lyons—or of *municipia*, towns or cities of 'foreign' stock endowed with the autonomous status and organization of a *colonia* as a reward for political self-education, like St Albans in Britain or Volubilis in Africa. In this manner Rome 'projected' herself and multiplied the political requisites for her culture the length and breadth of the Mediterranean world: the principle of urban promotion, with Rome as the single central model, was thus defined. If the internal details of Roman political structure differed from the Greek norm, that was not important. The Greek city-state had provided, or tried to provide, a wholly democratic system of most delicate balance. Rome was so far affected by the economic results of over two centuries of major warfare, and by the consequent popular claims against the prerogatives of birth or wealth thus engendered, as to be wholly individual in the anatomy of her political system. The fact remains that the city-state, as developed by Rome, raised the Greek model to educative and civilizing heights from which have derived the conceptions of political autonomy and political federation. A man's duties lay,





above all, in the political sphere, as a member of a self-governing unit; to be a *civis*—‘citizen’—was to be a fellow-citizen: the word enjoyed both meanings.

In Greece democracy had been followed by monarchy; and Rome trod much the same path. The figure of the military leader, first given a dangerous significance when Marius instituted a standing army based on personal loyalty, and made more important by Sulla, Pompey and Caesar, materialized finally in Augustus, conqueror of Antony in 31 B.C., lord of the whole Graeco-Roman world, and founder of the Imperial system. Once more the influences of Greece became apparent. The Hellenistic conception of the semi-divine warrior-statesman, always active in Rome’s Greek-speaking provinces in Asia Minor and the Levant, seemed to have been re-illuminated; and though most of the earlier Emperors eschewed quasi-divine status or any unique reputation for combined civil and military genius, it was almost inevitable that the Emperor should finally emerge as the all-embracing head of a totalitarian state—commander-in-chief, chief magistrate, chief priest, chief lawyer, and a central object of veneration.

Greek influences on the religion, philosophy and political theory of Rome had been, in the main, gradually (even indirectly)

exerted and almost unconsciously absorbed. In the field of literature, rhetoric, art and architecture the debt was perhaps the deeper because it was more deliberately incurred. Many of the literary forms of Rome, and a very considerable measure of her imagery and symbolism, mythological and otherwise, were borrowings. The hexameter metre, finely wrought by Homer, and roughly fashioned anew by Ennius, put on a new and abiding glory with Lucretius and with Vergil, “wielder of the noblest measure Ever moulded by the mouth of man”. The elegiacs of the Alexandrian school culminated in the magic facility of Ovid, Propertius and Tibullus. The delicate lyrical measures of Sappho and Alcaeus were turned to new account by Horace, who exhibits a most wonderful poetical technique—what other classical poet is to be found so often in the pocket of the modern soldier, statesman and lawyer? In all these writers form and imagery suggest mere imitation, were it not that the mind itself was in every case so wholly Roman. Vergil’s most characteristic work, the *Georgics*, sang of the tradition and task of the farmer—a social class upon which Rome’s greatness had been chiefly built, and which Augustus desired to re-establish: Ovid and Propertius were never so racked by amours that they could forget the continuity of Roman tradi-



(Above) 1. A gold stater of Philip of Macedon. 2. A Gaulish copy of this, with designs disintegrating. 3. A Celtic copy made in Britain, with a transformed Celtic obverse and an already semi-Romanized reverse. (Right) A Celtic bronze beaked flagon from Lorraine, with derivative Greek influences both in form and decoration



tion: Horace, the freedman's son, was the most Roman of all Romans in his combination of patriotism and fastidiousness. In prose, again, the Roman debt to Greece was clear, especially in the field of history, where, after transmission through Polybius, the example of Thucydides—scientific, dispassionate, thorough and yet dramatic—shone however fitfully in historians so unscientific as Livy, so passionate as Tacitus, so ideological as Sallust. The Roman stage, though it was to remain a stranger to tragedy (and there Greece had excelled), tempered its native rustic farce with broad borrowings from the urbane comedy of Menander, which, in the hands of Terence, was faithfully and delightfully translated and adapted.

Rhetoric—the art of speaking (for the modern use of the word is not quite the same as the ancient)—was perhaps one of the most important of all Greek influences. It had first blossomed in the second half of the 5th century B.C., after Gorgias of Leontini had shown a fascinated Hellas how to make speech argumentative and persuasive by the constant, even mechanical, use of studied antithesis. The discovery seems simple; but its results were prodigious, especially in the

hands of the Greek sophisticated philosophers; and it descended, as a fundamental element in educative training, without a break into the Roman epoch, when the young man of birth and opportunity would as a matter of course study rhetoric with an acknowledged expert, either in Rome, perhaps, or at one of the universities of Greece itself, as a preliminary to a political or legal career. It must be remembered that ability to speak in public was the standard and most vital qualification for any man of ambition in an age which lacked the printing-press. The spread of rhetoric was therefore rapid, not only in Rome but throughout the provinces; and as the Latin tongue was projected at large (as, for example, by Agricola during his governorship of Britain, or by the renegade senator Sertorius during his rebel leadership of the mountain bandits of Spain, or by the Roman occupation-troops in the provinces), so also were spread the technical devices and tricks of thought and persuasion. As a result, rhetoric ultimately came to have an indelible influence on literary forms, as witness the 'panegyrics' (on individual Emperors or on the ideal of Rome itself) which first became popular in the 2nd century A.D.; and when



this influence was exerted on historical writing the hybrid was unhealthy and dangerous, with its combination of flowery compliment and discreetly selected fact. In an age of absolutism such a development was inevitable. Fortunately it had been preceded by a rhetoric which, joining the most rigid discipline of form to the most passionate feeling, reached a standard not surpassed even by a Demosthenes. The oratory of Cicero, polished to a sublime brilliance by the needs of the law-courts and the senate-house, provided modern Europe with the fairest sample of the true art of speaking.

In the art-forms of Rome, Greek influences are prominent. Plastic art in Greece had reached superlative heights. Sculpture, in the round and in relief, had been worked out to the point at which it declined into the academic, the archaistic or the merely eclectic. Portraiture had been given its big chance with the rise of the Macedonian monarchy. The art of the die-engraver had been conspicuous in such brilliant coinages as those of Amphipolis, Elis or Syracuse. Rome was thus born rather to the connoisseurship of a fully developed art than to any creative elaboration of her own; there was little need for anything but the continuation of a classic tradition on purely eclectic lines and the formation of an appropriate art-criticism (of which the elder Pliny has left a good example) to balance the literary criticism which began with Quintilian. Her art-forms showed little novelty and less genius; in general they were utilitarian adaptations of what she found ready to hand. Only when special circumstances prompted a new form did her own special genius evolve. Roman delight in and regard for the family portrait-bust was responsible for a magnificent series, rich in individuality and character; and the Roman fondness for narrative record (noticeable in her many public and private inscriptions) was perhaps the cause of a bold extension of the bas-relief in a narrative form, as shown by Trajan's Column, with its almost cinema-like newsreel of the Dacian wars. There were, however, other ways in which Greek influences touched the art of Rome, especially in the European provinces. The Celtic peoples of Central Europe and of Gaul had been in frequent contact with Greek art-motives, diffused either from Macedon or from Italy (Etruria was a notable reservoir of Greek artistic culture) or from Marseilles, a vigorous Greek colony since c. 600 B.C. Influences thus acquired were absorbed, and, in a 'naturalized' form, proved to be strong and permanent, giving to Celtic art a grace and variety

which, in Britain, is clearly seen in metal-work, pottery and jewelry. One specially-derived example of the process is to be seen in the late British coins of gold and silver, c. 50 B.C.-A.D. 40, which present the types of Philip of Macedon's gold in a highly schematized form, slowly giving way to the pedestrian representationalism of Rome. New art-forms were not established by Rome until the end of the 3rd century A.D., when an austere impressionism, almost wholly devoid of the earlier florid eclecticism, opened a new epoch which was to culminate brilliantly in the Byzantine period.

Roman architecture was indebted to Greece, though in a more superficial manner. Rounded arch, vault and dome were essentially Roman creations—the expression of a



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*Towards the end of the 3rd century A.D. an austere impressionism began to pervade Roman art; a development which, coinciding with the rise of a second Rome in the Eastern half of the Empire where Greek influences prevailed, paved the way for the style that we identify as Byzantine. This is foreshadowed in the colossal portrait-statue of Constantine, founder of the second Rome*



Dorrien Leigh

*The triumphal arch at Arausio in Gaul shows a supreme jumble of styles, with Greek features superimposed as a mere façade on a Roman structure*

people with a genius for construction; and the best Roman buildings were probably those in which they were most simply employed for a proper functional purpose, such as the Flavian Amphitheatre (the Colosseum) or a great bridge like that of Alcantara. But the very catholicity of Roman taste prompted the combination of these curvilinear features with that quintessence of Greek architecture, *i.e.* the horizontal entablature supported by the vertical column; and column and entablature were superimposed quite falsely, as a mere façade, upon a structural form which did not require them, as a glance at many triumphal arches will show. From this hybrid form was derived the architecture of the western Renaissance: the purer and more truly Roman form was to be the dominant influence in the architecture of the Byzantine east. On the whole it is true to say that a high proportion of official and public buildings erected in the west, from the deserts of North Africa to the 'horrid' and uncivilized-seeming area of Britain, would be as Greek in the idiom imposed upon them as the average church built in 19th-century England was Gothic.

Language, religion, philosophy, social and

political theory, literature, rhetoric, art and architecture—all are seen to be connected with the Greek tradition; and some sprang direct from Greek models. A brief sketch must omit further illustration; but it should be clear that by the extension of her own culture from the Atlantic to Mesopotamia Rome was in fact perpetuating the Hellenic legacy. Of this process (which was, incidentally, to make the Christian Church a Roman faith built upon a Hellenized philosophy of religion) various summaries might be quoted. The late Dr Mackail wrote: "The civilization of Greece . . . is a stimulant which, taken undiluted, is an intoxicant. The liberating power which has been

justly claimed for it is often like the liberation of a high explosive. For use, it had to be brought under control; to become a fructifying force, it had to be interpreted and recast by another civilization, that of Rome. The mission and achievement of Rome was to transmute it into a substance adapted for universal use." Professor Arnold Toynbee, stating the view of the comparative and universal historian, states a paradox which is even more illuminating. "The first emergence of the Greek city-state in the Aegean and the last traces of municipal self-government in the Roman Empire are phases in the history of a single civilization. . . . At some point Greek history enters on a phase which it may be convenient to distinguish verbally by connecting it with the name of Rome." And there can be little doubt that Rome herself, in all the activities of life which combine in forming civilization, considered her culture a direct extension of that which had been cradled in the Aegean. The plot of Vergil's *Aeneid* with its honoured myth of Troy re-born in Rome, implied this unmistakably; and Horace, with his "Conquered Greece took her fierce conqueror captive," was honest enough to admit it openly in words that are now proverbial.





*The Mantaro Valley, 3000 feet deep, in the central Peruvian Highlands*

# To the Highlands of Peru

by DR J. V. HARRISON

THE Republic of Peru at first sight fits into a neat pattern of three parts; for it has an arid west enriched by irrigated valleys, a central lofty plateau ornamented with gleaming snowy peaks along both edges and an eastern *montaña* where thick forests cover the hills and three great rivers flow to join the Amazon. But it is not as simple as that. It seems to have its centre of gravity on one edge, at Lima the capital, and to be subject to division vertically as well as horizontally.

This layer effect was suggested at once, for I flew to Lima over the clouds, in a clear sky and bright sunshine; then, over the invisible capital, the plane turned out to the west and into the gloom of the cloud bank. After an uncomfortable few minutes of no visibility at all it got through and came below the clouds into a world of grey skies with ocean below, land ahead, and a range of hills shutting in the view beyond. In the sweep to the north made before landing I saw Lima from above,

the compact town near the great plaza with Pizarro's cathedral merging southwards into a town planner's dream of wide avenues and garden cities as far as the brown field of the airport. I left the town by train which runs up the Rimac Valley, climbing about a mile upwards for every thirty miles it goes, and so crosses the horizontal layers in quick succession. It takes about six hours to climb to the summit all but three miles high. In the first hour it gets through the cloud and passes field after field, each well cultivated and watered by irrigation. Little villages, pretentious villas, flowering trees; and then Chosica, where the sun always shines, and many of the gentry from Lima live.

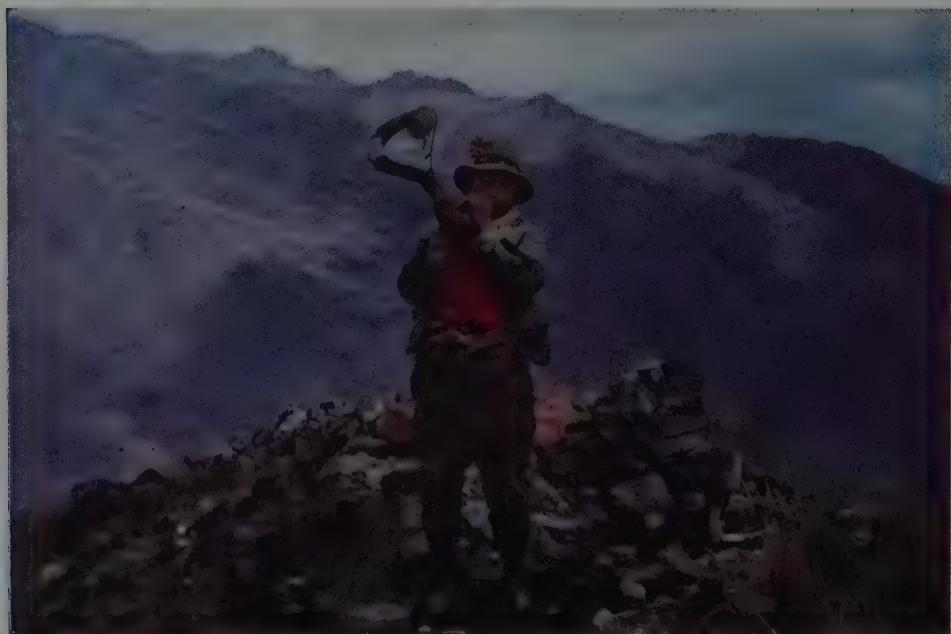
The second hour goes by as the train pulls up a deepening gorge. Bare rock slopes above are relieved only by the narrow strip of green rushes and little terraced fields close to the river in its gravel-strewn bed.



(Above) Peaks about 17,000 feet high in the Western Cordillera above Ticlio. The railway and road climb zigzag to the Continental Divide

*All photographs by the Author*

(Below) An Indian shepherd blowing a bugle made of cow-horns. In his hat he is wearing the deep red wild flowers of the topmost High Andes



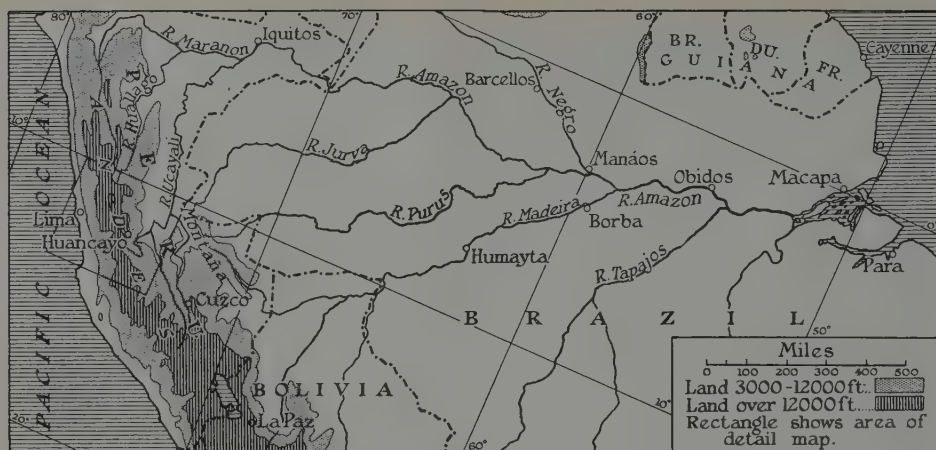




*(Above) Gleams of sunshine lighting peaks, glaciers and lakes in the Eastern Cordillera. The whole range was scoured by ice in bygone days*

*(Below) Innumerable lakes, scattered through the range, reflect changing shades of blue against the background of rock and autumn grass-tints*





The third hour passes with the valley little more than a canyon, and the train pops in and out of tunnels. A dump of ore by the railway signifies a mine in the mountains to the south; and above the line hang the buckets from a ropeway that spans the abyss between the mouth of the workings amidst the mountain crags and the flat ground beside the white water of the torrent near the dump. A friend made that journey along the ropeway and, with a drop of a thousand feet below, asked what would happen if the thing went wrong? "Send to Germany for a spare part," he was told!

Here and there in this sector the mountain-sides are less barren and terraced fields show green against the rocky background, but the ribbon of verdure along the stream is mostly gone, crowded out by converging cliffs. In the next two hours the valley opens out from being a narrow slot through the range to a wide spurless smooth-sided hole with a green swampy-looking tract on its bottom. Sheep and llamas graze on this and the thin grass on the slopes above it, one of the *pampas* that the Indians term any fairly flat grazing-place up here in the mountains. At a distance on the hillside things look like grazing sheep, but scrutiny shows that they do not move and are formed by colonial plants covered with a pseudo-fleece concealing no gigot or loin chops but the spines of a vegetable porcupine.

At the end of the sixth hour the train pulls up at Ticlio, a station with a view. Grey peaks, white snowfields, pale-green glaciers and blue lakes on the one hand contrast with the trough of the valley whence the train has just come, gouged out of the terra-cotta-coloured mountains on the other. This and

the keen mountain air affect me like champagne but experience warns me that both may be enjoyed in moderation only. Too much movement to see it all and miss nothing, too much exertion at once, may bring on *sorroche*, the mountain sickness. It is a queer complaint. One may be apparently immune on one occasion and smitten the next. Headache, lassitude, coughing, vomiting, racing pulse and irregular breathing may be symptoms. It may smite at once or it may delay, but while it lasts it is a miserable business. Some people die of it, most recover quickly, but it may linger for days and even recur after weeks of acclimatization and good health. "Take it easy" is advice to act on for the first few days on this the top shelf of Peru.

Here one is close to the Continental Divide, the western edge of the Highlands of Peru. The Pacific is only seventy miles away and nearly 16,000 feet below. The Rimac reaches it almost directly, but the Mantaro, to which the little streams just ahead contribute, has Chesterton's outlook and spurns Euclid's, and even Einstein's route of making point B from point A. The water in the brook just ahead must travel about 4,000 miles to join the sea beyond the mouth of the Amazon. I saw these Highlands from many an Andean peak, from the west and from the east. It is a world apart once the divide is crossed; a great undulating plain between mountainous edges and the river flowing between them from north-north-west to south-south-east as if it did not know that it must escape to the east. Here in the west as in the east glaciers exist, sculpturing the ornament along the margins. The rocks are bare and their tints striking.



Their many little basins are filled by lakes of incredible turquoise blues and emerald greens. Here are all the alpine gang, the crevasse and bergschrund, the ice-fall and corrie, the aiguille and gendarme; and I have even seen a waterfall in crystal ice looking as unexpected as the ice cats and peacocks on the table at a banquet I once attended in Moscow.

These are the features of the mountains 16,000 feet above sea level. Most of the plateau is between 14,000 and 15,000 feet up and cocked up to higher altitudes only at its edges. Often in one of the valleys above 13,000 feet did I think of home. It was mid-winter when I left Lima only six hours away, but on the plateau I found it summer, a summer with hard frost at nights and glorious warm sunny days, except on an occasional afternoon when a terrifying thunderstorm would roll across it. The grass grows thick and green over the plateau in 'winter' from November to April but soon turns when the rains stop and with them the mild weather. And so in 'summer' I found these capacious valleys clothed in yellows and browns, more sombre and less contrasting than the vivid bracken at home after a dry autumn: I might have been in the West Highlands of Scotland, say near Bridge of Orchy.

In the centre of the Highlands runs the Mantaro, mostly in a gully nearly 3000 feet below the plateau. It is the artery of life in the region, often with road on one side and rail on the other, but the road and rail from Lima join it in a strange atmosphere of life and death. Here is a town, Oroya, and a smelter. This causes death. Its sulphurous fumes have killed the grass near by and further off have so coated it with chemical that browsing animals have sometimes died as a result. To a newcomer suffering with sorroche it seems the last straw unless he was accustomed to the atmosphere of Oldbury in 1915. This smelter is the living heart of central Peru none the less. The great mines of the Western Cordillera and of Cerro de Pasco in the centre of the plateau eighty miles away, close to the source of the Mantaro, feed these furnaces with their ore and employ a community of foreigners, coastal Peruvians and many an Indian. The place has long been an emporium of goods from the United States in this part of the ancient kingdom of the Incas with its tradition of wool. It has broken down the first shyness between the Indian population and the foreigner, be he from the coast or a distant land. The smelter-fumes have given the legal fraternity many a case for compensation and diverted the mining company from its digging and chemical pre-

occupations to agricultural ones as well, for it has had to buy most of the fume-infected aureole around the chimneys as the only solution to endless damage claims, and now keeps its own superior flocks quite successfully on the fringe of the tainted ground under the guidance of foreign farmers and some Gaelic-speaking shepherds. The road from the east brings fruit and coffee from the wet tropical region on their way to Lima.

The main traffic is downstream or south-east with Huancayo and a number of smaller towns dotted around the edge of a big hole in the plateau along the course of the Mantaro River. It forms a plain nearly 4000 feet lower than the neighbouring plateau, about forty miles long and between three and eight miles across. This fertile valley has wide areas in cultivation and enough planted trees to give that air of prosperity which the treeless grassland lacks. It compares with the Isfahan plain amidst the desolate basins of Central Persia. Only here does Highland Peru conform at all to an urban pattern. Here things can be grown on the flat; elsewhere it may involve a climb of a thousand feet or more to get to work, and that on a path which looks so steep as to be impracticable.

The valley plain is about 200 square miles in area; about a fortieth of the plateau around, which thus constitutes most of the district. The Highlands are thinly populated by a few shepherds, but several old deserted towns show that once the Indians lived here in greater numbers. They are problem towns, for how did they get water? How was their population fed? How did they get fuel, for there are no trees and the deposits of *champa* or peat are only a few inches thick and quite



Stanford, London



*(Above) At Maco Hacienda, 12,000 feet up, gum trees will just thrive. Pasture grows above; forest prevails downstream towards the Amazon*

*(Below) Llamas are the indigenous sheep of Peru and graze at great heights. They are very inquisitive and are here inspecting the stranger*







(Above) Tarma, at 10,000 feet, surrounded by warm-tinted slopes of reddish-brown rock, is one of the few towns in the Eastern Andes of Peru

(Below) Indian women at Ocopa, near Huan-cayo, display local fashions: white felt hats, full skirts and shawls of various lively colours





*Near the western margin of the High Andes, at about 16,000 feet, water trickling from sun-warmed alps is frozen into ice-tapestry as it falls over a ledge which, facing south, is always in shadow*

insufficient to deal with a large population? Now they are desolate, the few families with flocks near by living in little houses of their own construction. These isolated dwellings have to be stocked with food from lower down, only meat and perhaps milk being available locally. Their stores are often scarcely more than *machca*, toasted barley meal, and potatoes with some of the consoling coca leaf, the essential in Indian life. If they are outlying shepherds of a *hacienda* they will have bread, coffee, salt and sugar besides.

A large part of the population up on this top shelf in South America belong to the staff of some *hacienda*—a farm often owned by a company or absentee landlord and managed by a Peruvian from the coast. In one of the high valleys up to about 13,000 feet above sea level, where trees can just make headway if protected in youth from animals, a farm steading is built with barracks for labour and a group of huts near by for the families who work for the farm. A manager's house and office is sure to be there as well as a chapel, football pitch and probably an electric light plant. The land around is properly fenced and often a few irrigated fields are kept to

pamper imported stud animals. At one farm I found a handsome Frisian bull that was manicured every morning. According to the locality a farm may go in for either sheep or cattle and in the latter case will take a pride in its byre and dairy, where butter and cheese making solve the transport problem by turning the produce into a portable form.

The rest of the inhabitants live in communities in the same terrain, with the same objects but without the capital, perhaps, and certainly without the discipline of management to carry through a plan. From Inca days these folk have had llamas and dogs, of a slouching snarling species with little to endear them, at least to a stranger. The folk burn dung or *champa*, a small star-like colonial plant that rots to a useful peat. The women's fashions have not changed in spite of the contact with outsiders but the men's have been greatly modified. Men have largely discarded their homespun clothes for foreign shirts and tough blue cotton dungarees from the States. Frequently they have a cotton coat as well and retain only the traditional sheep's-wool *poncho* to keep out rain and cold. They find endless pleasure



by performing on a hollow cow-horn, producing a sequence of toots akin to those of a bugle at home. They are tough and can sleep out in the frost with no more cover than a poncho. This garment has no mystical heating powers for I tried one as my only bedding on the High Veldt of the Transvaal in winter and found it wanting. Rarely a male shepherd knits on the hill whilst watching the flock, but the women are spinning endlessly. They carry a sack of carded wool in their shawl and tease it into yarn on a long-spindled top that they spin wherever they are.

All the Indians in the Central Highlands speak Quechua but more and more are learning Spanish besides, and many can read and write. Near the railway line several gather round at train-time to buy the daily paper printed in Lima. Up in the mountains in their isolated groups they lead a hard life but vary it by an occasional visit to the nearest town for a Sunday market. This may mean a long walk carrying a big load and driving along a donkey or so carrying more; but often now they manage to get a lift on some bus plying on one of the several new roads leading to Huancaayo. The Sunday market there is a famous institution, held in the main street. There are stalls for the more sophisticated townspeople where utensils and clothing are displayed, but the Indians arrange their produce on the ground, watched and sold by the women whilst the men parade and saunter up and down. Vegetables are as interesting as any of their goods, carrots, onions, beans and maize all being on sale as well as many varieties of potatoes. These grow below 13,000 feet and down to at least 8000 feet in fields dug or ploughed up as they might be here, but often they are grown from seed set in little holes made with a narrow-bladed spade in turf. Llama dung, in uncomposted state, is thrown on the hole and there the plants grow in a field covered by grass. The journey home from market is not always easy for these mountaineers; though deep-chested and hardy they have weak heads, easily affected by the rum which is sold in the towns but not on the haciendas nor kept in their own houses. The haciendas make an exception on their patron saint's day, when all the farm hands and their relations and guests are entertained. The chapel functions with a priest in attendance, and food, drink and music help them to celebrate the great day of their year.

Across the high eastern edge of the Andes the rainfall increases and the valleys are tremendous holes cut in the slopes. Vertical

layers are as clearly marked here as in the west. Ice-covered peaks come first and then a zone of bare outcrops of rock. Grassy slopes and valleys succeed, with trees stealing in at about 12,000 feet and soon becoming numerous until forest smotherers everything down to the water's edge of the great rivers. No longer is it cold or fuel that creates a problem but heat and sogginess. The Highlanders give place to scantily-clad forest and river Indians, speaking new languages, who soon fall ill if they venture up towards the high pampas. The low valleys were once fairly healthy, but one by one they have become infected with malaria. Mosquitoes to transmit it have always been there, but only in the last few decades have malarial subjects come in to provide the parasites for the insects to transmit. No kind of quarantine has been imposed and as the new roads are built all sorts of people can travel, making it easy for such diseases to spread. In Lima and on the plateau I have often heard reference made to the riches of the montaña, but it is probable that this is the part of the Republic from which it is hardest to wring out wealth. Its planted orange groves and fruit farms supply a welcome variety to the diet of the capital and a small quantity of hard wood is carried out; but so far that is all.

Highland Peru was the Kingdom of the Incas. Their highway from Cuzco to the north passes across it and is still perceptible in the hills south of Tarma. The succession of ruined towns and villages in the district, and the many derelict terraces around the few that are still cultivated in the eastern valleys, point to a much greater population in earlier times. Can this state of affairs be repeated? Can people throng back to the plateau and feed themselves and live in a modicum of comfort? It seems to me it might happen, but only if the country's centre of gravity altered from the periphery towards the physical centre. Meantime this pastoral region and the tropical one beyond it drain, in an economic sense, over the western divide and down the Rimac Valley to Lima. Perhaps if more of the country's commerce were kept within the bowl of the Highlands things might alter. However, a peripatetic foreigner like myself could see no sign that this was happening; it seemed rather that the coastward traffic was increasing and with it a drift away from the land to the capital. Whilst this continues things will not alter. I think it is probable that Highland Peru could employ a much larger working population with advantage to the national and possibly the world's economy.



*Fuel would present an almost insoluble problem in the eastern Andean valleys above 13,000 feet, were it not for the Champa Estrella, which provides the peat seen stacked above. It grows in tough, smooth cushions many feet across, as shown below; so slippery that men will often fall crossing it*







*Another strange cushion-plant of these heights has colonies which look at a distance like sheep grazing, though the woolly surface masks long, sharp thorns. There are many species of cactus: tough water-conserving plants adapted to withstand extreme conditions. The one shown, with its spiny Turk's Head six inches in diameter and five inches high, resists the deadly sulphur fumes of the Oroya smelter described in the article*



# Flower Painting on

FLOWERS are the fine clothes that a plant puts on when it needs to attract attention. They are signals to the winged insects who will call for honey and, willingly or not, carry the fertilizing pollen on to the female plant. But the average human being seldom thinks of this biological activity as he admires the flowers; in his self-centred way he accepts their flattery as his own due. And in doing so he often forgets the plant and the months of growth and striving before it is ready to blossom. It would not be unfair to say that in Europe, at any rate, we regard a flower as something that ought to be picked and put in a vase—preferably with a wad of other assorted flowers, so closely packed that the individual shapes are merged together in an ill-defined mass of colour. This idea even affects our gardening. We set the plants close together so that the blooms shall in flowering-time conceal the unwanted foliage; and our seedsmen spend their lives trying to produce hybrids bigger, brighter, and with more petals than ever before. Only the serious gardeners among us have any but the vaguest idea of the shape of the individual blossom, because we hardly ever look at it closely enough.

But there are and always have been people who took the trouble to look, though their motives might be very different. First came the herbalists who collected plants for medicinal use. In the earliest times their knowledge was handed on by word of mouth, and so far as we know the first man to collect it in the form of a book was Dioscorides Anazarbeus. He was born in Asia Minor, and probably flourished in the time of Nero and Vespasian during the 1st century A.D. Dioscorides remained the leading authority on plant-medicine till the 16th century, and innumerable manuscript copies of his work were made during the middle ages. One at Vienna, probably written at Constantinople about A.D. 500, already has large and very realistic painted illustrations of the plants described. In the last quarter of the 15th century the first printed herbals were pub-

1. *Chinese porcelain vase with yellow ground, Kang Hsi period (1662-1722). The prunus-tree is shown in rugged growth among the rocks. No western painter could so convincingly suggest the life and forms of plants as the Chinese*





# Pottery and Porcelain

by ARTHUR LANE

2. *Turkish earthenware dish, about 1530. The favourite tulip is easily recognized; the carnations and other plants are more conventional, but suggest in their curves a luxuriant growth*

lished, mostly in Germany, with charming woodcut illustrations whose value is greater as ornament than as an aid to identifying the plants. Indeed, not until 1530, when Otto Brunfels published at Strasburg his great *Herbarum Vivae Eicones*, was a serious attempt made to represent plants with absolute fidelity; the artistic quality of his woodcuts may be appreciated from the fact that some work by their author (Hans Weiditz) was once attributed to Albrecht Dürer. In the *De Historia Stirpium* (Basle, 1542) of Leonard Fuchs the woodcuts are of a beauty never surpassed in all the later herbals. As Fuchs himself says of them, "we have devoted the greatest diligence to secure that every plant should be depicted with its own roots, stalks, leaves, flowers, seeds and fruits . . . we have not allowed the craftsmen so to indulge their whims as to cause the drawing not to correspond accurately to the truth". The purpose of all illustrated herbals is to help in identification, showing the whole plant; but never was it better done than by Fuchs and his artist-collaborators.

Fuchs loved plants for their own sake, quite apart from their usefulness in medicine, and the revival of botany as a disinterested science in the 16th century was largely due to men of the same temper who had approached the subject first from the medical angle. Among them chief honour is due to the group of Flemings whose works were published between 1570 and 1590 by the famous house of Christophe Plantin at Antwerp—Rembert Dodoëns, Charles de l'Écluse and Mathias de l'Obel (who later came to England and, received the title of Botanist to James I). De



2

*All photographs from the Victoria and Albert Museum*

l'Écluse (Clusius) actually set an example that has since led botanists to the ends of the earth in search of new species, for he made a special expedition to Spain and Portugal to collect 200 plants hitherto unrecorded. Needless to say the illustrations of his and other botanical books showed the whole plant, with the same striving for accuracy as the early herbals.

De l'Écluse combined with his rare command of learning in all its branches a gift for putting his discoveries to practical ends. He is gratefully remembered as the man who introduced the potato plant to Germany and Austria; and by acclimatizing exotic plants in Europe he also became the father of the school of ornamental gardening so characteristic of the Low Countries, where bulbs are cultivated as nowhere else. The tulip, or 'Turk's Cap', was by far the most popular of these importations. Since their conquest of Constantinople and a large part of Europe in the 15th century, the Turks had learnt to enjoy the



3. Japanese (Nabeshima) porcelain dish; 18th century. The flowers are shown as if they are growing, but have a more artificially arranged appearance than those on Chinese porcelain

4. Delft earthenware wall-plaque, about 1720. Flowers decoratively bunched in a vase, as in Dutch still-life paintings

3 Japanese



4 Dutch



5. *Chelsea porcelain dish, about 1755-60. The plant is treated like a botanical specimen, and was in all probability obtained from the gardens of the Society of Apothecaries at Chelsea*

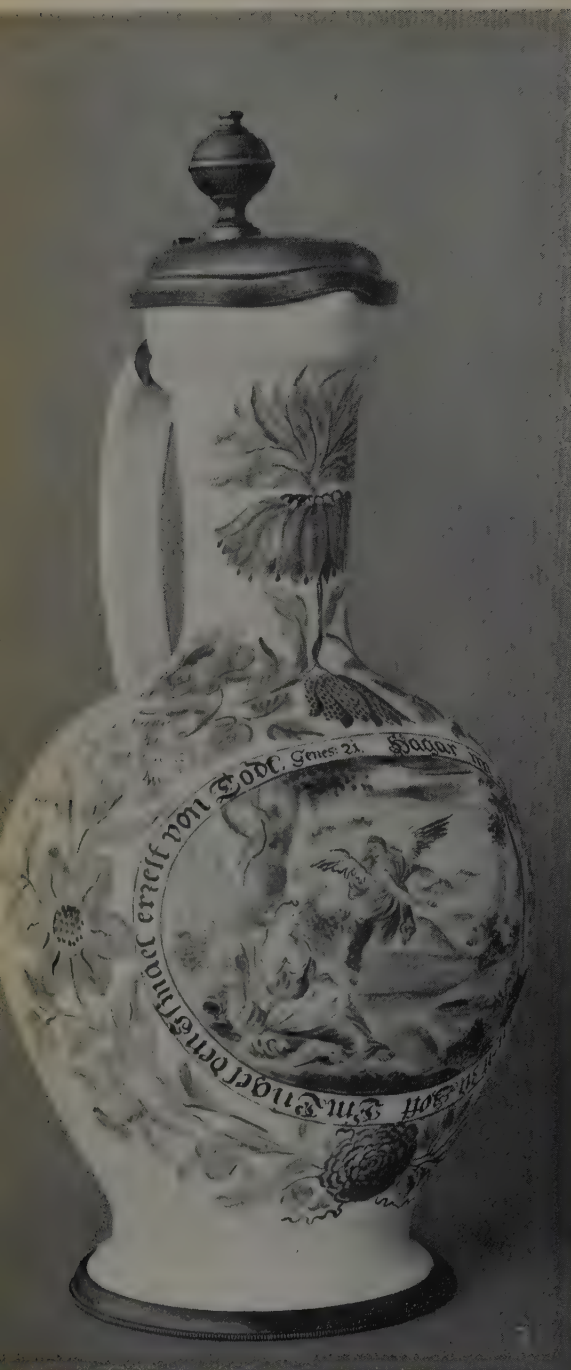


5 *English*

6. *Vienna porcelain cooler, about 1735. The cut flowers, though awkwardly grouped, are painted in marvellous detail*



6 *Viennese*



pleasures of peace no less than war, and intelligent minds in the West were full of half-apprehensive curiosity about the customs of these new and formidable neighbours. One of the most interesting early travellers to Turkey was the French naturalist Pierre Belon, who published several books after his return to Paris in 1550. "The Turks", he says in his *Observations*, "delight greatly in flowers, and make much of them even when they lack perfume. We like flowers, and scented herbs to be mixed together in bunches; . . . but the Turks prefer to have flowers of one kind, not several mixed at once. Even when they have a lot of flowers at once, they carry the different kinds separately in the folds of their robes. Workmen often set before themselves vases of brightly coloured flowers in vases filled with water, to preserve their elegance as long as possible." Without fully recognizing its identity, Belon specially mentions an unusual kind of red "lily" found in all Turkish gardens. This must certainly have been the tulip, which is conspicuous in Turkish art of that time, and particularly on the painted earthenware of Isnik (Nicaea). A few years later, in 1554, the Ambassador Busbecq, passing through Adrianople on a mission from the Emperor Ferdinand I to the Sultan at Constantinople, was offered by the country people an abundance of flowers—"narcissus, hyacinths, and those which the Turks call *tulipam*, much to our wonderment, because of the time of year, it being almost the middle of winter, so unfriendly to flowers. The Turks cultivate flowers with extreme zeal, and though they are careful people do not hesitate to pay a considerable sum for an exceptional flower." Busbecq brought back seeds or bulbs with him to Vienna, and as soon as 1561 Conrad Gesner of Strasburg wrote a book *On the Gardens of Germany with a description of the Turkish Tulip*. Indeed the tulip, the martagon lily, the fritillary and the crown imperial are the garden flowers *par excellence* of the late 16th and 17th centuries. Already there were illustrated books for the doctors and botanists; now gardeners' books began to be published—Crispin de Passe's *Hortus Floridus* (Arnhem, 1614), Basil Besler's *Hortus Eystattensis* (Nuremberg, 1613) and Johann Theodor de Bry's *Florilegium Novum* (Frankfurt, 1612-18). An important point in which these differ from the herbals and purely botanical works is the concentration of interest on the blooms. These are mainly

7. German earthenware jug, painted by Abraham Helmhack of Regensburg about 1690. Realistic flowers from a gardening-book are strung together



8. *Strasbourg earthenware plate, about 1770. French decorative bunches of flowers at their best*

shown cut short below the head; the root is only shown when it too has an attractive appearance.

And now we come to a fourth group of people who, in their own way, were also interested in flowers. These were the decorative artists. Flowers have always been a favourite raw material for ornament, but in all ages artists have tended to make them adopt formal shapes and rhythms that would bring them comfortably within the limits of a prescribed space or a craftsman's technique. Though 'living' flowers are sometimes shown in the borders of illuminated Gothic manuscripts, naturalistic flower-ornament did not become general in Europe till the 17th century. Craftsmen then made great use of engraved designs, whether issued specifically as patterns or incidentally as illustrations in books. And suddenly the goldsmiths, house-decorators, furniture-makers and others found what an immense store of ideas had been quietly accumulating in the books published for quite different people—for herbalists, botanists and gardeners. It was the gardener's preoccupation with the showiest part of the plant, the flower, that they found most sympathetic. And so we find, for example, a pottery-painter stringing all the lifelike blooms he can find in a gardening book together on a single unrealistic stem, with uniform leaves that do not belong to any one plant in particular (fig. 7). This pseudo-botanical treatment of plant life was to continue throughout the 17th and 18th centuries in a ding-dong struggle with a contrasting, purely 'decorative' taste.

If the 'botanical' approach to flower-painting was most at home in Germany, the 'decorative' approach naturally appeared first in the Low Countries and France. The rich merchants of Antwerp and Amsterdam, not content to have rare flowers of the season in their gardens, wanted a reminder of them all the year inside the house. Thus there grew up a school of still-life painters, the de Heems, Van Huysums and their like, who



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did oil paintings of mixed flowers tumbling in great clusters from their vases over the rich fruit laid beside them. Similar flower vases were painted on the earthenware of Delft (fig. 4), and sometimes on huge panels of tiles.

This decorative, bunched manner of flower-painting was made popular in France by J. B. Monnoyer (1634-99) and his pupil Jean Vauquer; but they preferred to omit the fruit, and their flowers are often tied with fluttering ribbons into a saucy bouquet. (Incidentally, this frivolous style even crept into French botany books.) It was followed by the 18th-century painters of French porcelain and faïence, especially at Sèvres and Strasbourg (fig. 8). Unfortunately this manner can easily become sentimental and nauseating—in the china of Victorian England it has been roses, roses all the way. But in the sensitive hands of the Marseilles faïence-painters of the 18th century it had a charming vitality; the flowers were scattered as if at random with an art that concealed itself, and even the stems were made to play their part in tying together the design.



9. Chinese porcelain dish of the Kang Hsi period (1662-1722). The sacred lotus appears gigantic, and has a life of its own. Contrast the 'arranged' flowers on figure 3

Japanese and Chinese porcelain then being imported from the Far East. 'Oriental flowers' shared the magic of the material on which they were painted, and so for the next twenty years almost all floral decoration on European wares was done in oriental style.

What were these 'flowers of the Indies' that everyone imitated? The Chinese had been painting landscapes since at least the 8th century A.D., and the flower-painters of the 10th century already showed such mastery that for generations to come their names were inscribed by artists on later work. It was a kind of homage for a painter, say, of the 17th century, to suppress his own name and instead write that of Hsü Hsi, who worked in the 10th century; as if the later painting was thought worthy to be offered to the older master who first learnt to see and portray nature in that particular way. This sense

9

It may have seemed arbitrary to choose pottery and porcelain as a medium to illustrate the schools of thought in European flower-painting. But there was reason, for through porcelain more than any other material Europe became conscious of a completely different attitude to plant life held on the other side of the world, in China and Japan. Porcelain has fascinated every country when introduced to it for the first time. The first pieces to reach Europe from China in the 16th century were revered almost as precious stones, and given elaborate silver mounts. Here is no place to describe the stages through which European potters advanced in their efforts to imitate oriental porcelain; first the white-glazed earthenware of Delft and other places painted in eastern style; then the French artificial 'soft-paste' porcelain of the late 17th and early 18th centuries; and finally the discovery at Meissen in 1710 of how to make true hard-paste porcelain composed of china-stone and china-clay (kaolin). By the 1720's the European porcelain factories could command a palette of colours hardly inferior to that used on the

of ancient tradition was still present in the flower-painting on Chinese porcelain of the Emperor Kang Hsi's reign (1662-1722). The Chinese never had the restless curiosity that in the West led men to pry into the workings of nature; to dissect, classify and subordinate them to human knowledge and use. Their attitude was one of acceptance; their religions taught them that man was not the centre of all things, but only one of many animal, vegetable and spirit-beings who shared the universal life. We as children may once have felt this nearness to nature; have watched an ant fighting its way through the towering jungle of the grass, and imaginatively have put ourselves in its place. So Chinese artists could look at a plant and feel its growing life, the firm but still sensitive movement of its branches exploring now this way, now that. Flowers seen thus may appear of portentous size—we, like the birds, will be dwarfed beside them, and we may not be able to take in the whole group at a glance. The Japanese also had this sense of awe in contemplating natural growth, but in their art they sometimes exaggerated it. 'Arranging' plants in



vases was with them a liberal accomplishment, the object being to make the arrangement as 'natural' as possible. Flowers painted on Japanese porcelain are indeed shown as if growing, but the leaves often grow too round, the stems too angular and picturesque.

Of course the European porcelain-painters were quite unschooled to appreciate the subtleties of the oriental vision. We illustrate a vase made at Meissen about 1725 for Augustus the Strong. Its colours outdo the Chinese in brilliancy and power, but the oriental flowers have come adrift from the sagging stems and the conventional rock at the base is completely misunderstood. When the novelty of such designs had worn off, German porcelain painters gladly retreated to the more familiar 'botanical' manner of flower-painting, guided by contemporary engravings (fig. 6). The flowers are shaded with minute strokes of the brush in most painstaking detail. It is interesting to compare the German 'botanical' style with the broader one practised at our own Chelsea factory a little later (fig. 5). Sometimes the painters copied the illustrations of the big book *Figures of Plants* published in 1755 by Philip Miller, assisted by Sir Hans Sloane. But Miller, who was then keeper of the Chelsea Botanic Gardens, seems also to have sent cuttings across to the factory; and the painters might then assemble different pieces into a composite plant quite unknown to science. Incredible as it may seem, the 'botanical' style of mid-18th century Europe even found its way over to China—in fair exchange for the oriental flowers China had earlier given to us.

After 1750 the French decorative treatment of flowers in bunches gradually ousted the botanical manner all over Europe, lasting well into the 19th century. But from about 1790

it had to compete with a fresh and very serious outbreak of 'botanizing'. An international scheme had for some time been proposed, whereby each country should publish an illustrated catalogue of its indigenous plants. By 1787 the Danes had issued eight parts of the *Flora Danica*. It happened that Theodor Holmskjöld, a favourite pupil of that greatest of botanists Linnaeus, was also director of the Copenhagen porcelain factory. He persuaded the Crown Prince of Denmark to order a table-service in which every piece should be painted with a different plant from the *Flora Danica*, complete with its Latin name. For twelve years, from 1790 to 1802, the great work went on—it numbered

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10. Meissen porcelain jar, made for Augustus the Strong of Saxony about 1725. Oriental flowers imitated from Chinese porcelain lack the life-like rhythm of the original, but make their effect by colour



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*Swansea porcelain plate, 1802-10. The dry precision of the design is the climax of a tendency seen also in the Vienna, Meissen and Chelsea pieces*

4000 pieces before someone had strength of mind to stop it. The appearance of this service may be judged from our illustration of a plate painted in similar style at the Swansea factory, between 1802 and 1810. There too the director, Lewis Weston Dillwyn, was a militant botanist. He forced into his painters' hands back numbers of Curtis' *Botanical Magazine* (1787-1800) and made them copy its rather prim illustrations, adding the name of the plant on the bottom of the plate or dish. The results look, for us at any rate, pleasantly astringent in comparison with the cabbage-like roses in the opposing French taste which were being painted at the same time by William Billingsley and others at the Welsh factories.

But the 'botanical' manner of flower-painting had now virtually passed beyond the province of decorative art. In 1818 Goethe borrowed from the State Library at Weimar an English book—*A History of the Genus Pinus*, by Lambert, London, 1803. Its illustrations prompted an essay on flower-painting. "An artist of this kind, if he feels the same inspira-

tion as the great Dutch flower-painters, must always be at a disadvantage. For they had only to satisfy the lover of superficial beauty; but he has to render beauty in its true form and through the medium of truth. And while they found themselves at home in the narrow circle of the amateur gardeners, he must allow himself to be controlled in his treatment of Nature by a countless crowd of experts, scientists, classifiers, and critics."

Nowadays no-one has skill or time to paint flowers on porcelain with the same care as in the 18th century. The rival 'botanical', 'decorative' and 'oriental' schools are dead. We no longer wear crinolines or powdered wigs; our best pottery and porcelain is plain or sparsely decorated with prints and much-simplified hand painting. But even so, may not someone in a hundred years' time delightfully discover in it a blending of ideas from times and countries near and remote—from our 18th-century past, from contemporary Sweden, even from Chinese wares of the Sung period?



# The Cossack 'Dzhigit' Festival

by JOSEPH MICHAEL

A PIERCING series of yells and whistles, and the *Dzhigit* Festival is on.

The scene is Pyatigorsk, a beautiful North Caucasian town, one of the places where the annual Cossack riding festival is held. With its riding displays, its singing, dancing and feasting, it is an unforgettable spectacle. From miles around the Cossacks gather, leaving the tractor, the great herds of cattle and sheep, and the numerous agricultural appliances which surround their up-to-date collective farms. They change into their traditional attire: the men into their astrakhan hats and their well-known collarless, long-sleeved coats, known as *cherkesska*; and the women into strikingly graceful white dresses, reaching to the ankles, their heads covered with shawls of the same material and colour. Mounted on their favourite horses, they file through fields and over mountain tracks, to give vent to their natural high spirits and to take part in the numerous competitions of riding, dancing and singing.

First comes the serious business of the day:

the Caucasian Cossacks, no less than the other inhabitants of the U.S.S.R., are fond of speeches. Cossack detachments of the Red Army parade, and a local leader of the Communist Party addresses them on problems political, economic and cultural. After him Cossack leaders indulge in more speeches, which usually take the form of assurances of loyalty on behalf of their followers to the Soviet Government and peoples.

When this is over, the *Dzhigitovka* itself begins. The performers and competitors line up at a previously-prepared stretch of ground, their horses impatiently pawing the earth. At a given signal the first group spurs forward, their cloaks streaming behind and the rough manes of the horses waving in the wind. One man stands straight up in





his stirrups, which hang short, like those of a jockey; another draws up close, and leaving his own horse, swings himself at full gallop perpendicularly under the belly of the other animal. Behind this group comes another, leaning right over from their saddles and picking up bits of cloth from the ground, while after them thunders a crowd, doing every conceivable trick, on and off the saddle, of which standing on the head is one of the least spectacular.

And so they continue till the finale, when, with wild whoops, all the riders storm down the centre of the arena in a glorious mix-up of daring horsemanship, the centre of attraction being the famous Cossack pyramid: one man, leaving his horse while it is moving at full speed, climbs onto the shoulders of two of his companions as they thunder along at full pelt, neck and neck. Sometimes, in the case of really crack *Dzhigits*, two men will climb onto the shoulders of three others, while a fifth rider swings himself with the agility of a monkey onto *their* shoulders. Yes, these men can ride!

Immediately the riding is finished, the men take their horses to the stables, where they rub them down and feed them before returning to the rest of the festivities. Born and bred among horses, and having learnt to ride almost before he could walk properly, the Cossack treats his mount with as much care and affection as if it were his child. Having made sure that the horses have been well cared for, the riders join their friends, wives and sweethearts, and prepare to 'go to town'.

Musical instruments are produced, cloaks removed, hands start clapping in rhythm to the catching melodies of the Northern Caucasus, and the *Lezginka*—national dance of the Cossacks—begins. Like all mountaineers, the Caucasian Cossacks enliven their dances with shrill yells, while now and again a piercing herdsman's whistle rings out as the inspiring dance takes its hold on the emotional audience.

In the centre of the ring a star performer seems to float a couple of inches off the ground, his feet moving with amazing speed, head held proudly, shoulders thrown back, and long-sleeved arms at his narrow belted waist. In this manner he moves slowly several times around the ring, till he pauses, his feet still moving with extraordinary rapidity, before a girl he has his eye on, and together they continue. Soon the audience cannot contain itself any longer and, linking arms, they join in to the accompaniment of their national orchestra.







Thus it goes on till the sun sinks behind the rocky crags on the sky-line, and the feasting, singing and dancing continues into the night. The male choir's massed voices float into the night air in a symphony of strength and virility; occasionally, a roar of laughter breaks out as some particularly good story is told.

In the morning the Cossacks mount their horses once more, and turn their heads away from Pyatigorsk, each towards his village. There they again set about the task of making the collective farm's harvest up to plan, and if possible, over plan—farmers until the next *Dzhigit* Festival, when working clothes will again be replaced by *cherkesska*, astrakhan hat, belt and dagger.

Nevertheless, in their spare moments, the Cossacks never lose a moment to make themselves proficient in the arts of cavalry warfare, where their skill and courage earned for them the dread of the Kaiser's troops during the 1914-18 war.

For some time after the Revolution, the Cossacks were not regarded with any favour by the Soviet authorities, as they have always been associated in the minds of the Russian Left with repression at the orders of the late Tsar. Many of them fought on the side of the White Russians during the Civil War, and though thousands deserted to the Bolsheviks, the inherent dislike of them by all revolutionaries took a long time to die down. For this reason they were not allowed to join the Red Army until but a few years ago. Since then, however, their work as collective farmers having shown them to be loyal to the Soviet Government, their young men have been called up, in common with young men from other nationalities of the U.S.S.R., to serve their period of service. Reserve training is carried on much in the same way as before the Revolution, although Cossack cavalry is taught to manoeuvre in a special kind of tactic developed by the Soviet General Staff, whereby cavalry operate in

conjunction with aeroplanes and mechanized units.

To speak of the Cossacks as a 'nationality', however, would, strictly speaking, be incorrect. They are rather a community of farmer-soldiers, belonging to several nationalities and living in various regions, who were endowed with special privileges in return for military service. There are Ukrainian Cossacks, Cossacks of the Don, of Kuban, of the Caucasus, and Siberian Cossacks.

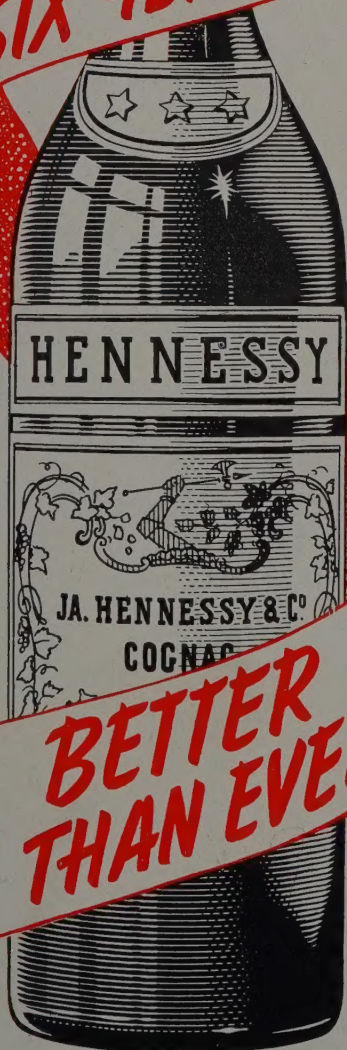
Their origin is obscure and mixed: Caucasians, Russians, Poles and Tartars are but some of the types to be found among them. Appearing first in mediaeval times, they were employed by the rulers of Poland to defend their frontiers. The Cossack community was divided into eleven *voiskos* (regiments), and the *stanitsa*, or village, was the centre of community life. As troops, they were divided into *sotnyas* or hundreds, electing their *atamans* or leaders by a show of hands. In the 17th century they rose under Mazepa against the Poles, who began to infringe upon their rights, and placed themselves under the Russian Tsars, whose faithful servants they remained until the Revolution of 1917. During the suppression of the 1905 revolution they earned for themselves the hatred of the Russian working class by their savagery, and it was the memories of their behaviour during the early years of this century which prevented their rapid assimilation into the Soviet system later on.

However, once the memories of pre-Revolutionary days were forgotten, the Cossacks were encouraged in every way to develop as in former times, their traditions being respected and their customs given every support. Today they are one of the most remarkable communities in the world: they combine their old matchless skill as horsemen and soldiers with modern farming methods and a picturesque and living communal tradition.





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